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Here Are Hints On Hallowe'en Night Program

Mrs. Mary Morton Makes Some Suggestions for Spooky Party

By MRS. MARY MORTON

Of all the festive seasons of the year that give the hostess a chance to entertain charmingly or afford opportunity for clubs and churches to stage jolly social occasions, Hallowe'en is the jolliest. The eerie feelings engendered by the weird tales told of this one night in the year when witches and hobgoblins have undisputed sway and wreak their mischievous pranks on mortals puts us in just the right state of mind to enjoy the surprises in store for us.

Here are suggestions for a Hallowe'en party that may give you some ideas for your own party. The cloth is paper, of course, with hats, cats, goblins and witches disporting on its border. Black cats are very much in vogue in the decorations and wise-looking owl cut-outs adorn the candlesticks. The cats are noise makers to which the cat head cut-outs have been pasted. The legs and tails are mat stock (heavy cardboard) wired to make them stand. The Jack Horner pie is made to hold favors and is fashioned of ruffles of twisted petals in orange and red crepe paper. Black cat head cut-outs are mounted on wire and a row of pointed petals are pasted to the back of each. The wire is covered with twisted crepe paper and is then stuck into the pie. The large cat head with the fool's cap may be added if desired.

There is no end to the ingenious things a clever hostess may design for the entertainment of her guests. There are games and stories galore to add to the fun. Of course, whether the party is a large or a small one, it must send the guests home with shivers down their spines. Hence a gruesome tale should be a feature of the evening. The lights should be turned very low and the guests seated on the floor in a circle. A sheet is spread out and each one is asked to hold it in his left hand and keep his right under the sheet. A ghost appears and takes his seat in the circle and, after a slight pause, in sepulchral tones begins:

It is the truth, and not a myth, That there once lived a man named Smith.

Alas, it was his bitter lot To murdered be quite near this spot.

(Groans and pauses.)

Now we have with us his remains, So first I give to you his brains.

(Passes under the sheet to the person on his right a sponge dampened with ice water.)

Now next I pass, as you surmise, The murdered victim's mournful eyes.

(Passes two grapes from which the skins have been removed.)

His veins, through which flowed blood so red, Are now all clammy, cold and dead.

(Passes two or three long pieces of cooked macaroni.)

And now your shuddering touch The teeth with which he ate his meals.

(Passes kernels of corn.)

And next your startled nerves prepare To touch the late lamented's hair.

(Passes corn silk.)

The ear with which he often heard, Alas, now hearkens not a word.

(Passes fig.)

His hand no longer yours can hold, Alas, it now in death is cold.

(Passes kid glove filled with wet sand.)

And now his sheeted ghost in white Is standing in your midst tonight.

(Ghost rises and stands a minute.)

Ere he departs with woful groans Just list the rattling of his bones.

(Starts to walk out, and as he goes suddenly rattles a watchman's rattle.)

BETTY COMPSON DESIGNED GOWNS WORN IN FILM



Betty Compson designed her own gowns for the part of Mrs. Sones in "The Fast Set," directed by Wm. DeMille for Paramount.

Ladies' Prize Dance—Keystone Hall tomorrow night.—Adv.

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

After Billy had managed to get rid of the monkey who clawed him so, he started back to the picture studio and met the men, Snub and Nick, on the way.

When Snub and Nick spied Billy they called out:

"Hi, there, you Billy Whiskers! What did you do with Maggie?"

But Billy pretended not to hear them, and would not even turn his head in their direction, but kept right on running toward the studio.

"I bet your life we find that monkey dead somewhere between here and the lake," said Snub.

"Or else floating on the water as dead as a flounder," replied Nick. "Sure I can't say as I blame him much, for that Maggie sure am a treacherous beast. Most likely she were a-pullin' his hair or stickin' her sharp claws into him. You can't make me believe he done gone and acted so crazy like unless dat sneakin', button-eyed monkey done go and do something to hurt him."

On Top of Pole

"Perhaps you are right, Nick. For pity's sake, Nick, look at the top of that flagpole and see if my eyes deceive me, or do I see a monkey sitting on the ball at the top of the pole, all wrapped up in the American flag?"

"If my eyes don't deceive me it is that ugly, Maggie," said Nick. And that is just what it was. Maggie had met with a cool reception when she ran in the life-saving station, for there was only one man there at the time, and he, being a fellow who disliked monkeys, had thrown all the pillows at her in quick succession as she had come in the door. Not liking this kind of greeting, and feeling cold and miserable after her plunge in the lake, she ran up the flagpole to get as far away from people and animals as she could. Seeing the flag waving in the breeze, she had watched her chance to catch the end of it and had wrapped it around her to keep warm.

Comes Down

On seeing Snub and Nick she recognized them immediately as the men who fed her and looked after her comfort. So she let go the flag and ran down the pole to meet them, and in a jiffy she was nicely wrapped in Snub's coat and next his warm body. She quickly fell asleep from the comfort of it all, but was rudely awakened by being set down in the stable not three feet from Billy Whiskers, who had reached the studio stable before them. She awoke in a hurry when she perceived this state of affairs, for Billy was rising to his feet with fire in his eyes.

Maggie immediately swung herself onto a rope that was swinging near and climbed up to the rafters, where she sat free from harm.

Billy had just got back to the studio after ducking the monkey in the lake when Toodles came trotting in.

"Why, Billy Whiskers, where in the world have you been? And how did you get all that blood on your shoulders?"

"Let's go over there to that nice, soft bed of straw, for I feel chilly with my hair all wet, and then I'll tell you all that has happened since I last saw you," he answered.

After Billy had finished his story Toodles recited all the exciting times she had had over at the real circus, where Billy and all the other animals were to be taken on the morrow to perform for the movie camera men so they could get a film for the screen.

He Objected

"Do you mean to tell me that they expect me to trot around their old circus ring with that detestable monkey on my back going through all her antics? Not on your life! I'll run away first. By the way, that is a good idea of mine. Let you and Stubby and Button and me all run away tonight. I'm sick and tired of this place anyway. This thing of doing tricks over and over again for some old crank of a camera man to show upon a screen

is too confining for me. Besides, I am tired of the city and I long for the country. It is beautiful at this time of the year, when the trees are all fresh and green and the streams all full of water from the spring rains. My, just to talk about it makes me crazy to get there! Come, what do you say that we start tonight? I know Stubby and Button will be wild to go."

"Oh, Billy, I am afraid to go. Where would we get any supper or any place to sleep?"

"Anyone could tell you had always lived in a city and been taken care of and never had to shift for yourself just from that question. But that is just where the fun comes in—not knowing where your next meal is to come from or where your next bed will be. It may be a rock beside the road under a haystack, or in a packing box in some alley."

Afraid of Cows

"Oh, I should be afraid of dogs in an alley, and out in the country of cows and big horses," said Toodles, her face plainly showing her fears.

"Afraid of cows!" laughed Billy. "To hear you talk anyone would think you were an old woman. Afraid of cows! I never heard of a horse being afraid of cows!"

"Maybe horses aren't," said Toodles. "But they are big, while I am so small that cows seem to think I am some kind of a dog, for they always chase me. At least they always have the few times I have been shut in a pasture with them."

"Well, you come along with us, and I'll promise you that no cow or horse or dog will injure you in any way. A change will do you good and put some snap into you. All people and animals should have a change once in a while or they grow stupid and lose all their energy and vim."

"But who will curry me and comb out my long tail? I can't keep myself clean."

Fears Burrs

"Oh, never mind your coat! I should think you would be glad to get rid of having the hair in your tail pulled out by the roots and a sharp currycomb dug into your flesh every morning."

"I objected Toodles. "This I did once and it nearly killed me when they pulled them out, it hurt so."

Just here Stubby and Button came in, and when Billy told them of his plans, of course they were overjoyed at the prospect of another trip into the country with Billy. For they had had so many with him in years past and had always had such fun and exciting adventures that they were ready to start on another at a moment's notice. They gave such glowing accounts of their trips that at last, between the three of them, they overcame Toodles' fears and objections and persuaded her to go with them that very night. Just when the moon shone over the top of the stable roof was the time they were to start.

When all their plans had been made and they were just falling to sleep, Toodles started up and exclaimed: "Oh, Billy, we can't any of us go tomorrow! That is the day the company has planned and worked for all week. Tomorrow we are all to go through our parts for the last time and have our last dress rehearsal. If we should run away now it would cause them to lose thousands of dollars and disappoint a whole lot of children who are anxiously waiting to see it thrown on the screen at the movie theatres."

"Oh, go to sleep and don't bother your head about movie people."

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They don't put themselves out for you."

Feeling Pony

"But, Billy, it would be such a mean thing to do!"

"No, it wouldn't. They can take some other picture in the place of the one we are all in. And then they can take us some other time when we come back."

On hearing what Billy said, Stubby and Button thought to themselves: "Poor little innocent Toodles! Little does she think that Billy never expects to even stick his nose inside of this studio yard again!"

Though they admired Billy's courage and his other good traits immensely, his friends could not deny that at times he was a very thoughtless and a very selfish goat. [Next time we will see if Billy and his friends carried out their plans.]

BE PRETTY DARK

A gentleman was one day walking down a street in Belfast when he saw an old Irish woman begging. As he was passing her she stopped him and said:

"Could ye spare a copper for an old woman, sorr?"

The gentleman, taking pity upon her, gave her sixpence.

"God bless you, sorr!" said the old woman, "and may every hair of yer head be a candle to light you to glory."

Taking off his hat and showing a bald head, the gentleman said dryly:

"It won't be much of a torchlight procession, madam!"

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